

MERRYMAKERS SEE YOUNG WIFE KILLED BY AN ELEVATOR

Returning From Dance, They
Tried to Run Machine
as Boy Slept.

TRAGEDY STIRS TENANTS

Husband of Victim and Friends
Stricken by Ordeal Being
Cared For by Doctor.

One of a merry party going to the home of friends for "one last dance," Mrs. Grace Davis of No. 296 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, wife of Everly Davis, a lawyer, tried to spring from the elevator in the Kathmere Apartments, No. 601 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, at 12:30 o'clock this morning and was killed by the moving car.

Her husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Noe, who live in the Kathmere and were hosts of the party, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stevers of No. 255 West Ninety-eighth Street, were in the elevator and witnessed the fatal accident.

Mr. Davis, Mrs. Noe and Mrs. Stevers are all under the care of physicians to-day. Friends took Mr. Davis to his home in Brooklyn after Coroner Healy had given permission for the removal of Mrs. Davis's body to an undertaker.

The party dined at the Noes'. Mr. Noe is known as "Dr." in the Kathmere, but he is in the real estate business. Mr. Stevers is a lumber dealer. After dinner in the Noe apartment, on the fifth floor, the three couples went to a dancing hall at Broadway and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and remained there until a few minutes after midnight.

Returning to the Kathmere they found Anastas Ricks, the night elevator operator, asleep in a chair. Without calling him all six persons got into the elevator and one of the men—Coroner Healy has not learned which one—turned the lever of the electric car. The lever was turned the wrong way and the car began to descend to the basement. The door was still open.

With a cry, half laughter and half fright, Mrs. Davis tried to leap from the car. She stumbled and the top of the elevator door frame came down on her head, which lay on the hall floor a few inches outside the car. She was almost beheaded.

Mrs. Noe and Mrs. Stevers screamed and in an instant the halls of the building were filled with men and women, many in bathrobes over their night clothes. Ricks, the elevator boy, according to the Coroner, slept through the upset.

Tenants assisted the men in the car in getting the elevator back to the level of the first floor, and Mrs. Davis's body was wrapped in sheets provided by a tenant. Dr. Kilbourne, who was summoned from Knickerbocker Hospital, said Mrs. Davis had been instantly killed.

Policeman Winick of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station notified Coroner Healy, who made a brief investigation and said he was satisfied Mrs. Davis's death was an accident.

Mrs. Noe and Mrs. Stevers were assisted by women tenants to the Noe apartment and physicians were called to attend them. Mr. Davis collapsed immediately after the accident.

Mrs. Davis was thirty-one years old and a strikingly handsome brunette. Mr. Davis is in the law business at No. 60 Wall Street.

1,000 Beggars Arrested in Two Months.

Police Commissioner Woods to-day published the report of Lieut. McAuliffe, in charge of the Mendicant Squad of eleven men. The squad had arrested during the months of January and February just 1,000 beggars; 516 in January and 484 in the succeeding month. Of this number 343 were convicted of vagrancy, eight were discharged and the cases of nine are still pending. Of those convicted 237 received suspended sentences, 511 were imprisoned and 102 fined.

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Constipation

If your stomach isn't just right, if you have a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, feel distressed after eating and have frequent headaches, just take Ex-Lax. This will tone up your stomach, aid digestion, promote bodily vigor and strengthen the nervous system. You will be surprised to see how quickly your energy, ambition and appetite will come back to you.

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Slaves, Toys and Anaemic Intellectuals, A Socialist Lawmaker Classifies Women



All Must Be Educated So They May Know How to Do
Away With Poverty, From Which They
Are the Greatest Sufferers, Thinks
Congressman Meyer London.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Votes for women are not going to regenerate the world, if woman remains the same; if she stays sixteen years old for twenty-five years; if she continues to spend ten cents a day to ride downtown to buy something at a bargain for nine cents; if she remains the same tailor-made woman who spends so much time powdering her face.

"It is nonsense to say that the vote is going to do any great good in itself while the higher class woman remains largely a toy and partly a divinity, and the poorer woman remains a little of a toy and a great deal of a slave."

All of which is Meyer London's way of stating an obvious fact which the wiser Suffragists fully recognize—that the vote is merely a beginning, not an end in itself, and that the millennium won't be upon us with any embarrassing suddenness even if the suffrage amendment is passed next fall.

But if the only Socialist ever elected to Congress said a few hard things about women in his discussion of "The Woman Question" at the Pabst Coliseum the other night, it was all for their own good. When I talked with the thin, keen-eyed, feverishly energetic young man in his office at No. 302 Broadway, I found that he had an infinitely more real respect for womanhood than is felt by many of the men who chirp most chivalrously about it.

"First of all, I want it perfectly clear that I am a Suffragist," began Mr. London, bringing the four closely grouped finger tips of his right hand down upon the palm of his left. "I was brought up and I have always lived among women, whom I consider my equals in every sense of the word.

"I am not one of those who consider that woman is an appendix to man, or that she is a domestic fixture, like a piece of kitchen furniture. I simply should be ashamed to say to my wife or my sister, 'I am a man and therefore I can vote; you are women and therefore you can't.' That would be about as sensible as to declare that the right eye should have superior privileges over the left.

"If all the women in the United States gave one vote, and were indifferent to the vote, and that one wanted it, I would give it to her. It seems to me as absurd to argue about the suffrage question as it would be to get up and talk to a lot of union workers on the duty of labor to organize.

TO MAKE LAWS WOMEN MUST BE BETTER EDUCATED.

"But assuming once for all that women have the right to the vote, the question remains, 'Are they going to use it for foolish legislation, one of our worst dangers?' And the answer is that if they are going to improve on men's handling of the ballot they must be better educated than men and better educated than they are now."

Mr. London got up, walked across the room with his hands clasped behind his back and eyed me half-defiantly from this new vantage point. He looks more tired and he is decidedly more nervous than when I saw him directly after his election last fall.

"And you think the woman who persists in clinging to sweet sixteen ought not to vote?" I asked.

"I do not believe that a woman

are the garment workers. It's an inspiration to speak to a thousand of those bright-eyed, intelligent girls. I love them individually and collectively," he added, with a twinkle of mischief.

"Working girls will know how to use the vote, and so, with a little teaching, will the hampering women, the worst slaves and the hardest workers in the world. The laborer has his friends at the corner and his political club, but his wife hasn't even so much diversion. I have said that she was a little of a toy, that's during her courtship, and it's very brief. The rest of the time she is a slave."

"You say that women must be better educated than they are now to vote as they should. What sort of education do you mean?" I asked.

"I don't mean that they should be taught to look at the stars through a telescope," he said. "That's well enough, but it is not the most necessary thing. The education our future voters, both men and women, need is an education in social problems which will enable them to do away with our greatest evil—poverty. I believe that the woman will be prepared for the disposition of this problem more quickly than the men, because women have been the worst sufferers from poverty. Every woman to-day needs to educate herself on this point, and the obligation on the rich woman is even greater than on the poor."

"I'm glad women are having to fight for suffrage," finished Mr. London. "If it were handed them as a favor it wouldn't do them nearly so much good. It helps them to be forced to listen to arguments, even unpleasant ones, and answer them. It stirs up their minds, and women and men both need that."

TWO GIRL CONDUCTORS ENJOYED THEIR JOBS

In Court as Witnesses in Jitney Bus
Case—Hearing Is Postponed.

The two pretty blonde young Irish women, Alice and Kitty Scanlon, who served as conductors on the five-cent buses running in Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth Streets, were in the West Side Police Court to-day as witnesses in the action to test the legal status of the jitney vehicles. The two chauffeurs, Henry Moriarty and Joseph Conklin, were there too, but Magistrate Barlow postponed the case until to-morrow so that the attorney for the People's Five Cent Bus Corporation, Alfred J. Talley, may be on hand.

Mr. Talley says that the action of the police in handing summonses to the chauffeurs and conductors is the work of a rival corporation. He says, too, that the people want the five-cent bus and that there is no reason why they should not have it.

The blonde conductors, who live at No. 15 West Ninety-eighth Street, said to-day, both together: "We are from Dublin and have only been here about half a year. Everybody who rode on our buses was very nice and polite to us. We quite enjoyed it."

"It's curious, this working of the law of natural selection," he observed, locking his fingers together and suddenly dropping his chin on them, then starting off on a restless walk around the room.

"The peasant chooses for his wife a girl who is strong, healthy, buxom, who will make an admirable beast of burden. At the opposite end of the scale the man of culture and intellect seeks intellectual qualities in his mate, and is very likely to marry a pale-faced, thin woman with a brain. But the rich man of society—what does he seek? A doll-face, nothing more. His wife has neither the physical strength of the peasant's wife, nor the brains of the professor's wife. She has merely a pink and white skin and china blue eyes. I called her largely a toy and partly a divinity, but I think I should have said 'nuisance' instead of 'divinity.'"

FOUND INSPIRATION IN THE GARMENT WORKERS.

"It isn't to such women that I like to talk about woman suffrage," Mr. London burst out suddenly, with a vigorous upward sweep of his lean arm. "The best audiences I ever have



WAITER SAYS M'GUIRE WAS DRUNK IN AUTO

Says Party Drank \$49 Worth of
Wine Before They Started
on Fatal Ride.

Giacomo Micotti, formerly a waiter at Woodmanston Inn, gave to-day detailed testimony in the trial of James P. McGuire, son of a rich pickle manufacturer of Brooklyn, as to McGuire's condition on the early morning of Nov. 12 last when, after leaving the Inn, his motor car was overturned and Elizabeth Dayton, a twenty-year-old girl of Brooklyn, was instantly killed. Micotti stated before County Judge Gibbs and jury in the Bronx County Court that McGuire was under the influence of liquor when he and the party of two men and three girls arrived at the Inn and drunk when he left with them.

Although young McGuire was exonerated by the Coroner's jury, the Grand Jury found an indictment against him for driving a motor car while intoxicated, and upon this charge his trial was begun to-day.

While at Woodmanston Inn, according to Micotti's testimony, the party drank \$49 worth of champagne in five hours. The waiter also stated that when he saw Miss Violet Van Schaick, sixteen years old, becoming intoxicated he poured a quantity of the ordered wine and the sink that she might not drink it.

TWO HURT AS CAR HITS AUTO.

Auto Driver and Trolley Passenger
in Hospital.

Two men were injured at 9 o'clock this morning when an automobile and a Union Avenue trolley car collided at Webster Avenue and One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Street, the Bronx.

The trolley car, No. 29, was under the influence of liquor when he and the party of two men and three girls arrived at the Inn and drunk when he left with them.

Charles Censberg, an ironworker living at No. 244 Forty-eighth Street, Bay Ridge, fell eleven stories from the top of the new Y. M. C. A. building, under construction at Fort Greene Place and Hanson Place, Brooklyn, to-day. When Dr. Salberg of the Holy Family Hospital found Censberg still alive and conscious he was amazed. The man has a fractured spine and cannot survive.

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ONE MOMENT, PLEASE! NEXT PICTURE WILL BE "BATTLE IN CLOUDS"

Russian Aviator Fought With
Austrian Prisoner 3,000
Feet Up.

PETROGRAD, March 2.—For the first time in history a prisoner of war has been transported by aeroplane. Warsaw despatches to-day carried the news to the War Office with the recommendation that Terentii Paschaloff, Russian aviator, be awarded a medal for unprecedented daring.

Reconnoitering with his mechanician, Paschaloff was forced to descend inside the enemy's lines in Southwest Poland because of engine trouble. An Austrian patrol surprised him while he was making repairs. Paschaloff turned his machine gun upon the enemy, killing five.

The sixth member of the patrol was captured by the mechanician. Paschaloff removed his belt, forced the Austrian to seat himself on the frame of the biplane and tied his hands around one of the wire up-rights. Then he started to return to the Russian lines.

Crossing the Austrian lines, the aviator was subjected to heavy rifle fire. The prisoner managed to loosen his bonds and attempted to tear the levers from Paschaloff's grasp and dash the machine to earth. Paschaloff turned the levers over to his mechanician. Three thousand feet above ground, with gusts of wind tilting the biplane perilously, Austrian and Russian grappled behind the pilot's seat.

Paschaloff seized a wrench and dealt his opponent a heavy blow on the head, stunning him. The Austrian was again strapped to the machine and brought safely into the Russian camp.

HENDRYX, WHO ELOPED, NOW SEEKS A DIVORCE

Wealthy New Haven Man Was Yale
Student When He Wed—
Names G. H. Doolittle.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 2.—Nathan W. Hendryx, head of the A. B. Hendryx Manufacturing Company and one of the wealthiest men in New Haven, brought suit for divorce here to-day from Mrs. Katherine Foster Hendryx.

In his complaint Mr. Hendryx charges that his young wife eloped with the attentions of George H. Doolittle between Jan. 12 and Feb. 4, this year, in New York City and at West Palm Beach, Fla. The divorce suit is a sequel to a romantic elopement, May 14, 1906. Hendryx then was a junior in the Sheffield Scientific School. Miss Foster was a student of the same school.

Following the elopement the Hendryx family refused to receive the bride, and there was an estrangement. Finally, however, the couple became reconciled and young Mrs. Hendryx was welcomed into the circle.

PRIZE OF WAR HERE.

Gibraltar, Sugar German Ship,
Brings Original Cargo.

The freight ship Gibraltar, a prize of war captured from the Germans early in hostilities, came into port to-day with an English captain and crew carrying her original cargo of tin from Singapore to New York consignees. The freighter had been more than six months coming from the Straits Settlements.

Originally the Schneefels, of the Hansa Line of Hamburg, the ship had gone on her maiden voyage after being turned over by her builders and was returned via the Mediterranean when she put into Gibraltar on August 4th.

The British authorities promptly took her and under award of a prize court she was sold to Houlder, Weir & Boyd, a London shipping firm.



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VICTIM OF ELEVATOR KILLED UPON RETURNING FROM DANCE PARTY



MRS. GRACE DAVIS.

SURFACE LINES OBEY ORDER TO END JAM

Officials Defiant, but Count Shows
Few Cars Are Over-
crowded Now.

Health Commissioner Goldwater to-day gave out tabulations made by his inspectors on the Eighty-sixth and Fifty-ninth Street car lines yesterday showing that while President Shonts of the Interborough and President Whitridge of the Third Avenue Railway Company are openly defying the Health Department's right to regulate passenger traffic the service on both lines is now practically meeting Dr. Goldwater's requirements.

Out of 590 cars operated on the Eighty-sixth Street line yesterday, health inspectors report, only ten were found to be overcrowded—that is, more than twenty persons were counted standing in one car. On the Fifty-ninth Street line 1,370 cars were operated, of which sixty-five were classed as "overcrowded."

"These figures show," said Dr. Goldwater, "how little extra effort will be required by the companies to comply with the order of the Board of Health. Why the companies make any fuss about the matter at all is a puzzle, unless they are determined to resist any serious and intelligent effort at regulation by public officials. In this they will not succeed."

WOMEN GUESTS SHRIEK AT "BURGLAR" IN HOTEL

Man Caught at Marie Antoinette
Says He Was Looking for
Empty Room.

A guest of the Hotel Marie Antoinette telephoned to Manager Green at 11 o'clock last night that a burglar was climbing a fire escape in the hotel arseway. Mr. Green peered out of a window and saw a man crawling stealthily up the escape. "Halt!" cried the manager.

"Help!" shrieked several women guests, who were looting out of arseway windows.

Policeman Noonan was sent to the hotel in answer to a telephone call to West Sixty-eighth Street Station. By that time the supposed burglar, who said he was Morris Benilde, had been taken to Mr. Green's office. He said he was out of work, penniless and homeless.

"I was not trying to steal anything," he added. "I wanted a place to sleep and so I sneaked in through the servant's entrance and had made my way to the second floor, looking for a vacant room, when I was arrested."

Manager Henry S. Green appeared against the man in the West Side Court and Magistrate Barlow held him in \$1,000 bail for trial.

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Patented Gold Stripe
stops garter runs.
Twice the usual amount of silk.
More than 480 shades.

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